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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1508.

Choice Poetry.

BIRTH SONG.

FROM SOLOMON'S "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Hail, new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,
Young voyager upon Time's mighty river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul!
Hail, and forever!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who of fate called forth
From nothingness the mark,
Who crushed the hills in strength, and dug the sea!
Who gave the atom to gem
Night, like a diadem,
Those little child, made thee!
Young inhabitant of earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
There art akin to God who fashioned thee!
The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,
The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
But her, oh Human Soul,
Shall be immortal! Hail!
Thou young Immortal, hail!
He, fellow whom are dim
Strength and cherubim,
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Thee little child, made thee!
Thy kindred of Earth,
Immortal in the God, though mortal by thy birth,
Bow for love's train, hail, all hail to thee!

SONG OF DEATH.

HYMNS AGE, ON HUMAN SPIRIT.

The European Arm is strong to save!
Look up, thy God is nigh,
In His who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!
Quickly goes down the sun
To wait a whole Aeon!
Fruitless endeavour, hope delivered, and strife!
One little struggle more,
And then the end is over,
All the long, mournful, wearisome of life.
Kind friends, be silent past!
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather round
And kin last blessing hear,
See how the Angel of Death is drawing near!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
Oh, mine bereaved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath!
The darkness of his pastoth to be free,
Hood him not back who speeds to watery!
—The hour is come, I a struggle ring a free
Hail, frail, entranced Spirit!
Thou that the worn-prone of the flesh has tired,
Thou that hast striven, through the mortal night,
And stood with thy Redeemer face to face,
And stood by God!
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou hast it worth no more.
No more art transmuted by the oppressive clay,
Thou art free!
The high restrictions
Of truths sublime, Heaven's crystalline way
Have no business quiet;
This rainy cloud of earth
Hems shall no fear appal;
Thou art free at all to all!
Here shalt thou win thy widest soul's desire
Here realize the heart's deepest hope
Left, till thy wond'ring eyes
Yonder be Paradise,
And this our shining band
Gather'd thy band!
And those who thining to meet thee are for Him.
Who have conquered for, redeemed them as—
"The city's gates unfold—enter, oh! enter in!"

Original Novelet.

THE TWO BRIDES.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of District Court of the U. S., of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

We will go back a few years in order to bring up the history of Anna, the sister, and humbler bride, of our story. The more alarming illness of her father left her husband's entire, but brief thoughts from Caroline soon after the startling intelligence she had received of her true parentage, wards a mental termination. There came another letter from Caroline, blood from the hope of a consequent great prostration, from which she rallied but faintly, and with no promise of regaining the power of motion in her left side and limbs.

Bound to her by the strongest ties of affection, her mother, sister and sister (Anna loved her with as much tenderness as if she had been her real sister), and though he had his hand upon her greatly at first, yet the touch was soon the less fatal. But, when Caroline, her husband, her spirit remained prostrate. As the son of her mother lost sight of her, and the light of reason and possession of another day smiled along the Eastern range of her spiritual horizon. There was no hope of her mother's death, nor even of her shrinking.

"Dear Marion!" said Anna, dropping a tear upon her white, transparent hand, as she pressed it to her lips a few weeks after the alarming hemorrhage just mentioned; "how can you look at this event so calmly?"

They had been speaking of death, and Marion had alluded to its approach with, to Anna, a strange indifference, as her fair face bore testimony more than a journey to another and far distant land than that whereon they now stand.

"Why should I look upon this change with other than calmness?" replied Marion.

"Why? How can you ask such a question, sister?" returned Anna. "Is the change not always accompanied in the thought of death, that made the blood run cold about my heart."

"Then," replied Marion, with more than usual earnestness, "is because your ideas of death have been, from the days of your childhood, associated with the terror of the cold and pulseless body; the last winding sheet; the narrow coffin, and the deep, dark grave. But, I do not look upon death in that way. To me, death invests the idea of a change, but not of terror. I cannot think of the one or the other. Should the changes transpire at the coming change of death, I shall not be conscious of them. I shall, in the moment when, enclosed by nature, it must rise into a new life, and expand its wings in the realms of light. In that case came have I to tremble and shrink back at the hour approaches when this mortal is to put on immortality?"

"Death is a beautiful truth," said Anna.

"And its effects, as seen now that the bear from which all clouds, oppression, are strongly contrasted of its fear."

"It is beautiful because it is true," replied Marion. "There is no real beauty that is not the form of something good and true."

"If I were as good as you, I might not shrink from death," remarked Anna, with a transient sigh.

"I hope you are better than I am, dear; and think you are," said Marion.

"Oh, no!" quickly returned Anna.

"Do you purpose evil in your heart?" asked Marion, seriously.

Anna seemed half surprised at the question.

"Evil? Evil? I hope not," she replied, as a shadow came over her face.

"It is an evil purpose only that should make us fear death, Anna; for, therein lies the only cause of fear. Death to those who love themselves and the world above every thing else, is a sad event; but, to those who love God and their neighbor supremely, it is a happy change."

"That is all true," said Anna. "My reason assents to it. But, in the act of dissolution—in that mortal strife, when the soul separates itself from the body—there is something from which I shrink and trouble even down fainting in my bosom. Ah! in the coming of that beloved one from whom no traveller has returned to tell us of what is beyond, there is something that more than half appalls me."

"There is much that takes away the fear you have mentioned," replied Marion. "It is the uncertain that causes us to tremble and shrink back. But, when we know what is before us, we possess ourselves to meet it. Attendant upon every one who dies, says a great writer, are two angels, who bear his soul to another world. One of these angels is the death, and in the idea of eternal life. They remain with him through the whole process—protecting him from evil spirits—and receive him into the world of spirits; after which they take their withdrawn itself from the interior of the body. The last idea active in the mind of the person dying, is that which he has formed of the state of death, when his consciousness of life is restored; and if in accordance with this conscious life to which he is aware that he is dead. Around him he sees spirits similar to those seen in the natural world. There are houses and trees, streams of water and gardens. Men and women dressed in clothes resembling garments. They walk and converse together, as we do upon the earth. But, the angel tells us he told that he has died, and is now in a world that is spiritual instead of natural—that the body in which he is, is a body formed of spiritual instead of natural substance, he is in a measure affected with surprise, and he finds that he is still a human being. He wanders at the greatness at his previous ideas, which identified him with the world of material things; and now, unless he had been instructed during his life in the world, begins to comprehend the truth that man is a man from the spirit not from the body."

"Anna, you have been observing intently, drew a long breath, as Marion paused.

"Dead, and does know the fact!" said she, with an expression of wonder. "It seems incredible. And all that you fully believe?"

"Yes, Anna; as entirely as I believe in the existence of the sun in the firmament."

"If these feelings can overcome the fear of death, which so handles the mind of even those who are striving to live pure lives, they are indeed a legacy of good to the world. Oh, Marion, how much I have suffered, and yet have not the joy of my childhood, from this dreadful fear!"

"They do take away the fear of death," replied Marion, "and that removes the cause of uncertainty which has heretofore gathered like a gloomy pall over the future of the world and of the latter. 'The bourne from which no traveller returns,' has not been the impassable gulf it was once to love. But, now, we who receive the doctrine of which I speak, can look beyond the bourne, and though the traveller returns not, yet we know that he has passed and lived on his entrance into the new country."

"Then we need not fear for you," said Anna, tenderly, as she laid her head upon her sister's bosom.

"No, sister," replied Marion, "I know in whom I have believed, and I feel sure that it will be well with me, as it has been with whatever what is evil and sought to do good. Do not think of me as sinking into some gloomy prison-house of sleep, but as one who is to be clothed upon with immortality. Should he your pastors as I descend into the valley and the shadow of death, and I will be near to you, as on the other side I will be received among those who have gone before, and I will scarcely feel that there has been a change. A little while I will remain there, and then pass upward to my place in Heaven."

The mother of Marion entered her room at this moment, and the conversation was suspended. But it was renewed again soon after, and the gentle-hearted, spiritual-minded girl, endeared to all by the sweetness of her disposition and by a journey taker about the new country into which she was entering, and of whose geography, and the manners and customs of whose people he has made himself conversant from study.

Not long did she remain on this side of the spiritual world, before she was joined by her husband's sister, to whom she imparted the glorious truths of which she had received a knowledge from the lips of her husband, Martin Boyd. Her mind was active and vigorous, and she soon became a believer in the doctrines of the New Church. Her husband was a subject of scandal when we left Philadelphia.

"Oh! Donald! donald!" exclaimed Anna. "Can she have gone so far astray? I will not believe it!"

Unless there had been some very strong evidence against her, it is not probable that a successful application for a divorce could have been made by her husband," replied Ambrose.

"Poor Caroline!" murmured Anna, as the tears started to her eyes. "Poor Caroline! She must she have suffered! If she have indeed wandered from the right path, the way has been made by her own sins and sorrows. If she have fallen, strong indeed must have been the temptation. Oh, how I wish I could see her in her degradation and sorrow, and point her the way back to virtue and peace!"

"Anna," said her husband, "I have heard from Caroline. She is now in Cincinnati, and proposes to make that her home. Shall I answer your arrival?"

Anna looked a moment, and then said—

"I will see her alone and unannounced, if you have no objection."

"None whatever," replied Ambrose. "And now, whatever may have been her errors, I will believe that she has suffered much, and will receive her penitent as I descend into the valley and the shadow of death; and I will be near to you, as on the other side I will be received among those who have gone before, and I will scarcely feel that there has been a change. A little while I will remain there, and then pass upward to my place in Heaven."

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Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S
HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

FRANCE.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE VII.

France and the French nation are the topics upon which I wish to speak to you to-night. As to the country, it would be difficult to find one in Europe more favorably situated, or which has more natural advantages, and therefore it is that the French nation has become powerful; the nature and position of the country are such as to make it certain that under anything like a good Government, the French would become numerous and exert a great influence upon the other countries of Europe. It is situated between the two seas, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and is drained by several fine rivers, possessing great natural resources, and by means of steady cultivation, the soil is more fertile than in the times of the Romans.

With respect to the history of France,—the origin of its early inhabitants—it is like that of the Aborigines of Germany, Spain, Great Britain and all the later-settled countries of Europe —we know nothing at all about them. We cannot tell at what epoch after the Deluge these inhabitants came to France; there is no history to tell us that. We know nothing unless we can gain some trace by means of comparison of languages.

In the time of the Roman Republic, two or three hundred years before our Saviour, the Romans [illegible]

reigned there as King, while he w[illegible] of Normandy. His son Henry wa[illegible] Anjou by inheritance, and he e[illegible] French possessions even down to G[illegible] English conquered Paris and held [illegible] time, together with a third part of [illegible] great many celebrated battles wer[illegible] tween the two nations; for instanc[illegible] Prince gained the battles of Cressy [illegible] in the fourteenth century. To be s[illegible] lish were at last obliged to give up [illegible] sessions in France, and the last pl[illegible] was Calais, which was not relinqui[illegible] reign of Mary; the dreadfully lam[illegible] of this city, and said that if her h[illegible] amined after her death, the word [illegible] be found written there. Long aft[illegible] ever, the English Kings absurdly [illegible] title of Kings of France. The Eng[illegible] their first grand blow in France [illegible] Charles the Sixth, who was aided [illegible] the celebrated Joan of Arc, maid of [illegible] figured so extensively in the siege [illegible] after defeating the English in ma[illegible] was at length taken prisoner, and [illegible] Duke of Bedford. The English, [illegible] received their first check, and [illegible] French monarchs became powerf[illegible] expel them from France.

This long process through which [illegible] gave rise to the character of the [illegible] is yet a great deal among them [illegible] Nothing strikes you more forcibl[illegible] than the fact that the people are [illegible] over the country, as in England an[illegible] —the people live altogether in citi[illegible] and there are about one hundred [illegible] these villages in France. From [illegible] sometimes three or four miles di[illegible] vate the country. It is still a co[illegible] towns, villages and hamlets, as [illegible] dal System, and you find there [illegible] stone wall, fence or hedge. It i[illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS.

Besides "THE TWO BRIDES," by T. S. Arthur, which we are now engaged in publishing, we shall publish, in the course of the coming months, "THE BELLE OF THE SEASON," by Mrs. Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," "Linda," &c.; "THE BAYMOUNTS," by Miss Leslie; "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c.

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the ex[illegible]

[illegible]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

This new scientific discovery, or imposture—we do not as yet feel quite certain which—is the great theme of town talk and newspaper discussion. Mr. Paine claims to have *discovered* a new principle in electricity, viz: ponderability, materiality and obedience to the laws of gravitation; and also to have *invented* a machine or apparatus, which enables him to use the electric fluid for useful purposes in the arts and sciences, at no other cost than the interest of its price. He further asserts, as we learn from the N. Y. Tribune, that he has proved water to be in reality a simple elemental substance, which he can decompose or transform into either hydrogen or oxygen gas according to its electrical condition, and according as positive or negative electricity is applied to it; and that he has invented the means whereby from water he can produce at will either of these gases, without any other than mechanical agency, and with no expense save that of the machine, which will cost at the outset $400 or $500, and last for an indefinite period.

On the other hand, *Professor* Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, says that Paine's discovery is "*gas*" in another sense than the scientific one. He alleges that it is nothing more than a contradiction of the self-evident law, that the force exerted by bodies which have been separated, cannot be greater than the force required to separate them. Mr. Henry says, according to a correspondent of the Tribune:

For instance, a stone is attracted to the earth to the extent of its weight, say 100 pounds. To separate the two, will require a force somewhat exceeding 100 pounds. Let it drop, and it will give a power rather less than the force required to raise it. A rock on the top of a mountain, that may be pushed over with the hand, will fall with a certain force. Measure it, and it will be found to be just so much less than the power which had been, or would be required to raise, as the friction of the machinery. Two atoms of gas adhere, in the form of water, and their adhesiveness is say 50 pounds. To separate them, you require a little more than 50 pounds of power. When separated, they tend to come together with the same force as before, which is a little less than the power which had been used to separate them, and more than that they cannot exert.

Mr. Paine proposes, by the aid of *small* weights, to separate bodies that are to give *great* power after they are separated. If he has discovered this secret, he has discovered much more, for he has an entire new system of Philosophy to create. The earth is attracted to the sun under the law that I mention, which is the great law, and must be proved to be false before that of Mr. Paine can be true.

While on this subject, I will give you the very simple view given to me four years since, by Professor Henry, on the subject of electricity as a moving power. It was given at the time when the papers were filled with notices of the operations of a great company in Germany, that was about to supersede the use of fuel, as Mr. Paine is now about to do. But the company died away, after wasting a very large amount of capital in absurd experiments.

He told me that he constructed the first electric carriage, and carried it through so far as to satisfy himself that it was a mere toy, and could be nothing more—and the reason that it was so [illegible]

[illegible]

THE KNOCKINGS.

On our fourth page the reader will find a curious account by N. P. Willis, of an evening with the Rochester sisters, upon whom the "knockings" attend. When such men as Cooper, Bryant, Rev. Mr. Hawks, &c., begin to investigate a matter, it is time to look a little into it. The answers and rappings given upon the evening in question, were certainly somewhat remarkable—that is if we put aside all suspicion of collusion, as we can scarcely avoid doing. Still we have not the least faith in the supernatural view of the case. We see no reason to disbelieve that spiritual communications are sometimes made to men—in fact the Scriptures prove that such things have been, and may therefore be again. But we disbelieve in the "rappings," for three reasons: First, because the spirits in question do not seem to have anything particular to say; secondly, because they adopt such a blundering mode of conversation; and thirdly, because they are invoked to make money by. If they can rap, and shove chairs and tables about, why cannot they reply in words to the questions put to them?

And yet such spirits are represented as the spirits of the departed from this world. If they are, they probably are a very low order of spirits. They do not even pretend to answer *always* truly, according to an account which we shall presently quote. And yet if they will not answer truly as to matters that are past, how can we rely upon their assertions as to the future? The account to which we have referred, is from the New York correspondent of the Public Ledger:

Having a spare hour this morning, I stepped into Barnum's Hotel, in Broadway, to have a chat with the ghosts there. The room was crowded to suffocation almost, and a majority of the audience were of the feminine gender. Mrs. Fox, with the two girls, sat upon a sofa, in front of which was a good sized mahogany table, around which the visitors were desired to be seated. A gentleman by my side asked if the spirit would "please to converse with him."

No answer for about fifteen or twenty minutes, when three faint raps, seemingly right under the table, were heard. The questioner proceeded to propound sundry questions about his dead great grand-father, his aunt, uncle, cousins, sisters, et cetera, all of which he said were answered correctly by the rappings. But this personage had a certain peculiar-looking physiognomy, that left many suggestive impressions upon my mind as to his possible connexion with the ladies. This suspicion was shared too by others.

The next interlocutor was Gen. Hiram Walbridge, who has come all the way from Washington, he says, to "harrow up the humbug." Walbridge asked if the spirit would condescend to hold communion with him for a few minutes?

Ghost—"Rap," "rap," "rap."

Walbridge—"Will the spirit foretel future events?"

Mrs. Fox, (interposing)—Sometimes they do; but it depends mostly upon what kind of questions they are.

The General informed the company that he desired to put the questions mentally, though writing them down on a piece of paper, that everybody might be able to form his own opinions of the answers, as they were to be of a public and not of a personal character.

Walbridge—"Will the Compromise Bill, now before the Senate, pass Congress?"

Ghost—"Rap," "rap," "rap."

Walbridge—"By what majority?"

No answer. Mrs. F. desired the questioner to write down a number of figures, and then the spirit would indicate which was the true answer. The General did so, after which he ran his pencil down the column till he came to 9, when the ghost gave three loud knocks. So the vexed question is settled at last.

Walbridge—"Will the spirit say if Cuba will ever be revolutionized?"

Ghost—"Rap, rap, rap."

Walbridge—"In what year?" (running his pencil down the numerals; when he came to 1850 the ghost gave three knocks.)

Walbridge—"Where was General Washing[illegible]

[illegible]

PURE CHLOROFORM.

The most agreeable and nutritive articles of food are often the bases of the most virulent poisons. So the best medicines for every disease, may, by deterioration or by improper use, aggravate the very malady which they should cure. A great prejudice has arisen against the use of Chloroform, because, in some instances, it has failed of its effect, or has resulted in injury to the user, and many have decried its introduction as a tampering with human life. In answer to the objections commonly urged against the use of Chloroform, Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, a very high authority, endeavors to prove its invaluable importance to humanity, and to show that its failure, in any instance, has been owing solely to the fact of pharmacopolists having produced an impure article.

Chloroform is obtained either from alcohol or pyroxylic spirit, by distilling with chloride of lime (bleaching powder,) and water. In the pyroxylic spirit there are several liquids, only one of which yields Chloroform, and this in a variable quantity, and mixed with the original impurities of the spirit, and with some new oils, containing chlorine, that are generated in the process. But from alcohol the Chloroform is obtained in nearly uniform quantity, and contains no impurities, except oils analogous to those formed from pyroxylic spirit. But whether derived from one or the other source, Chloroform must not the less be *afterwards purified*. This is commonly effected by rectification, by washing with water, or by the action of sulphuric acid, according to the view of the maker; and as a general thing, the purification has been most imperfect, and rarely, if ever, complete. And here lies the danger; because the oils abovementioned are very deleterious when inspired, causing migraine, sickness and vomiting; and besides the presence of a very small proportion of the oils—the vapor of which comes in contact with the internal surface of the lungs—is sufficient to produce these effects. A larger proportion of oils may, of course, produce more serious, perhaps fatal results.

It is essential, says Professor Gregory, that every medical man should be enabled to ascertain readily whether any given specimen of commercial Chloroform be pure. We therefore recommend two tests, which are easily applied, very delicate, and give, when combined, positive certainty, although even one alone will, in most cases, suffice:—

The Chloroform should be well-shaken in a *closely-stoppered* (not *corked*) dry phial, with from one-fourth to one-half of its bulk of oil of vitriol, colorless, or nearly so, and of density not under 1.835, better 1.840. One-fourth is usually quite enough. If any trace of oils be present, the acid becomes immediately more or less yellow; and when allowed to stand, a darker line often appears at the junction of the liquids.—When, after shaking, this no longer appears, (and by this time the acid is more or less brown) the Chloroform is poured off into another phial, where it is again shaken with a new but smaller portion of acid. If this, after a time, remain colorless, the oils are destroyed, and it only remains to remove from the Chloroform the *sulphurous acid* formed by the action of the oils on the sulphuric acid. This is easily done by pouring the Chloroform into a third dry phial, and there shaking it or allowing it to stand with a little peroxide of manganese, till its smell is quite free from that of sulphurous acid, which is very soon the case. It is then of specific gravity 1.500, and absolutely pure.

It will be seen that, for the sake of brevity, we have here combined with the account of the first test that of the application of it to the perfect purification of Chloroform. In fact, these are joined in practice, for until the Chloroform no longer discolors the acid, it is not pure; and out of twelve recent specimens of commercial Chloroform recently examined by us, only one stood this test.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM
GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Grace Greenwood is in Washington, as will be seen by the following letter. In publishing it, we may be allowed to state what all sensible people will know, without our stating it, *that we do not hold ourselves responsible, in the least, for Grace's opinions of men and things.—Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.*]

Washington, June 15th, 1850.

GENTLEMEN:—I reached the Capitol city on the night of the 12th, after a really pleasant journey from Philadelphia; for the kindly attentions of the gentlemanly conductor, under whose care I was placed, and the most agreeable conversation of some acquaintances which I made, did away with my lonely feeling, and almost caused me to forget the dust and heat of the day.

This is my first visit to Washington, and it was not without emotion that I found myself in the gallery of the Senate chamber, looking down on the assembled wisdom of the nation—to use a novel expression. Webster and Clay I had seen before, yet I should have singled them out, I think, had I not known them. The unapproachable grandeur of Webster's head—the imperious eye of Clay—the Wellingtonian front of Benton, who could mistake?

There was, that morning, an animated discussion on the Compromise Bill, of which you will have seen the report. Clay, Webster, Benton, Seward and Foote were among the speakers.—Mr. Clay was suffering from recent indisposition, but he spoke with great energy and with keen flashings of his wonderful eye. It cannot be denied, however, that he oftener parried the attacks of his opponents with wit, than met them in argument. At one time, when Benton was thundering out a severe passage directed especially to him, he bent forward and placed his hand to his ear, in the attitude of listening, saying,—"Speak a little louder!" But ere the close of the debate, this early morning coolness forsook the distinguished Senator—there were some keener passes between him and Benton, and both the honorable and venerable Senators seemed somewhat oblivious of the little proprieties naturally to be expected of such "potent, grave and reverend seigniors."

Webster's manner in speaking had a sort of solemn heaviness, which may have been impressive, but which certainly was not inspiring. I was surprised to find Senator Foote a slight, genial-looking, elderly gentleman. I had supposed him to be a younger and a more fiery-visaged individual. He is a most restless statesman—seems afflicted with a sort of patriotic form of the dance St. Vitus—is on his feet with every opportunity, pouring forth "burning fluids" of speech and inflammable gases of Southern democracy. In strong contrast was the calm, self possessed Yankee coolness of Seward, who never moves from his positions, nor suffers himself to be "riled" in the least. Gen. Cass has a good, easy, uncle-ish appearance, and his face has a rather dull, after-dinner expression, not indicative of transcendent abilities, but which may do him injustice. Senator Houston amuses me greatly as I look down upon him from the gallery. He sits at his desk and *whittles* diligently and deliberately by the hour, very much with the air and expression of some worthy, complacent, stout spectacled old lady at her knitting—[illegible]

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, June 15, 1850.

REMARKS—The market has been very quiet since our last weekly report. The foreign advices by the Atlantic and Canada, although rather favorable for Cotton, have had no material effect upon the market. In Breadstuffs the transactions are quite moderate. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses have been in good demand, and prices tend upward. The money market easy, and the Banks are liberal in their accommodations. Exchange on England continues at 109½a110.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue small; there has been rather more inquiry for shipment, but prices have not varied; sales of 9,000 bbls common and good brands at $5,25a5,37½, including some at $5,31¼, and extra at $5,50a5,62½; for city consumption the sales are limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce; 5a600 bbls sold at $3 per bbl. Corn Meal is held firmly at $3, at which several lots have been taken, and 450 bbls Brandywine at $3,12½ per bbl.

The amount of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 14th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	9,426
do.	half bbls	69
Rye Flour	bbls	711
Corn Meal	bbls	4,360
do.	hhds	200

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat is moderate, but prices are fully maintained; sales of 26,000 bushels common and prime red at $1,17½a1,22, and white at $1,28a1,30 per bushel. Rye is scarce, and worth 65c per bushel. Corn has declined; sales of 35,000 bushels on Saturday and Monday at 63a65, and since at 62½a63c for Pennsylvania and Southern yellow. Oats are in demand—sales of 10,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania at 43a44c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is limited; small sales of Mess at $11a11,25 per bbl. Prime is held at $9,25. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef at $12,50a13. Bacon is in steady demand; sales of Hams at 9a10, Sides 6, and Shoulders at 5 cts per lb. Lard is held at 7¼ cts per lb in bbls and kegs, but the sales are limited. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market has been very quiet, as is usual at this season of the year, and prices are stationary.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron is less active, and prices are lower; sales of 100 hhds No. 1 $41a40, closing at the latter rate, and No. 2 at $38 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is scarce; we quote good Yellow at 20c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Demand limited; small sales of Sperm at 40a41, and Tallow at 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is no change to notice in the market. The receipts are moderate, but the demand for shipment is limited. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous [illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Philada.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

We call the attention of our readers to the following statement, which we take from the letter of the Washington correspondent of the "Evening Bulletin" of this city. We shall await the result of the investigation that has been ordered, before we make any comments upon it.

A remarkable incident occurred at the Navy Yard last evening, which I shall reserve for private, and for the reason that a circumstance of the kind could not take place without being seen and attended by so much heritude, unless there was some unusual occurrence. The affair grew out of a difficulty between a marine and one of the crew of the gunvessel Water Tyger—two soldiers of the Union vessel; but he refused, and gave as an excuse for his conduct, that the captain of the vessel was a monster, whose cruelties to his men were unendurable, and that, while he was under his orders, he would lose his right arm, rather than submit to his impositions; and accordingly but the one alternative presented itself, either that he should put into the scuppers, or subject himself to render his services ineffective. He received the punishment like a man, still requesting that the captain discovered the severest punishment for his crimes, since he is permitted to go on in his commission, and drive the barracks soldier to desperation. The captain, it seems, was not to be put down in that way. He ordered the man to be seized—a martyr to a cause of wrong and injury—been unbounded, and that, when he was sufficiently laid before the Navy Department, which, without investigation, ordered a court martial, and an investigation into the charges against the captain. The latter is said to be a man of violent and offensive in his habits, and by no means addicted to practices deserving of the punishment which he claims he has received. A question of insanity was started last evening, and in case of this, a physicians of the city concur with the army surgeon in pronouncing him sane and fit for duty, certainly, a singular circumstance, that a man of sound mind should prefer being flogged, as was threatened, or, now, to avoid the punishment, be induced in their desperation to mean themselves, or even commit the service! I have not spoken of the captain's name, but presume you have it in your reporter. Respectfully,

[The Navy Register for 1859, which our correspondent refers to, is not at hand, and is not to be had. Nevertheless, we are confident a state, that the commander of the steamer Tuscarora is Lieut. James H. Ward.—*Ed. Pennsa.*]

MONTREAL FAIR.

The Committee of the Montreal Industrial Exhibition, to be held in that city in September or October next, and designed to be in connection with the great International Exhibition at London, have issued a circular, giving notice that they will receive specimens of natural and manufactured articles of Agriculture, Commerce, Art, Science, Skill, etc., and transmit them free of tolls to the London Industrial Fair. The Committee place no restrictions on articles produced and of Canada, except that they do not give premiums to such.

PANORAMIC VIEWS OF PHILADELPHIA.—From the Wade House, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a photographic picture, very well executed, and presenting the best quarters of our city and suburbs. They are exceedingly faithful pictures of the great panorama prospect disclosed from the North Penn Railroad Depot, the Girard, Mt. Vernon, has evidently spared neither time nor labor necessary to produce such a work as this. It will be. In vain you picture words and things; you can only give to an intimate that which is to the people. That people do not wish for civil war to-day, we firmly believe. But war, people will not plunder, for they are proprietors. That people will not war, we firmly believe. But war, people will have no war. That people will have no war, we firmly believe. But war, people will have no war. *Democracy was invented to be a war of the people.* Democracy is the people. Democracy is war. Democracy is the people. Democracy is the people. Democracy is the people

Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Rein in thy snorting charger,
That stag has shown thy sight;
He is luring thee on to Windeck,
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him;
The castle was still as death;
He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
With a deep and weary breath.

"Who now will bring me a beaker
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked up vaults of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year?"

The careless words had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the Lady of Windeck Castle
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys at her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage;
With an eager lip he quaffed;
But he took into his bosom
A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eye's unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain;
And quickly as he had seen her
She passed from his sight again.

And ever from that moment,
He haunted the ruins there,
A sleepless, restless wanderer,
A watcher with despair.

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
With a dreamy, haggard eye;
He seemed not one of the living,
And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him,
When many years had past,
And kissing his lips, released him
From the burden of life at last.

Romance of History.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF THE DUCHESS DE BERRI.

The late extraordinary events in France have naturally brought back to our recollection the Revolution of 1830. The then exiled monarch is dead; the mother of him who expected the succession, is now living in premature old age, a disappointed and woe-begone woman. Her history, however, is of the deepest interest during one part of life; and the heroic, but useless attempt to recover the throne of France for her son was full of such daring and danger, as few men have been exposed to. A brief account of this singular woman, the murder of her husband, and a condensed narrative of her capture at Nantes, will, we are sure, be acceptable to our readers.

Caroline Ferdinande Louise, Duchess de Berri, was the only child of Francis Xavier Joseph, Duke of Calabria, and Hereditary Prince of Na- [illegible]

[illegible]

worsted stockings so hurt the feet of the Duchess that she seated herself upon the bank, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey barefooted. Having, however, remarked the peasant-girls who passed her on the road, she perceived that the whiteness of her legs was likely to betray her; she therefore went to the roadside, took some dark-colored earth, and, after rubbing her legs with it, resumed her walk. Strange contrast, this, from the body-guards resplendent with gold and silver, and the double carpet from Persia and Turkey which covered her bed-chamber, to have for her escort an old man and a young girl, and walking barefoot on the sand and pebbles of the road!—Her companions had tears in their eyes, but she had laughter and consolation on her lips. The country people had no suspicion that the little peasant-woman who tripped lightly by them was any other than her dress indicated.

At length Nantes appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. While traversing its streets somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started, and turned round. The person who acted thus familiarly was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit upon the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head. "My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mlle. de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." The Duchess de Berri, with her companion, put the load upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when the Duchess seized her by the arm and said, "Stop, mother, where's my apple?" The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, they fell upon a placard headed by these three words, in very large letters, "State of Siege." This was the decree which outlawed the four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard, and calmly read it through. The alarm of her companions may be easily imagined. At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected. There she took off her clothes, covered with dirt, which are now preserved there as relics. She soon afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mlles. Duguigny, Rue Haute du Château, No. 3, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This was a recess within an angle, closed by the chimney of the innermost room.— [illegible]

Wit and Humor.

APPLE-SAUCE.

An extremely "Down East" Yankee, with a wagon load of "apple-sauce," was driving through a village not a thousand miles from Boston, when he saw dangling in the wind, on a post before a tailor's shop, a new over-coat, seductively suspended by a skewer in the shoulders. He drove up to the door, alighted, and went in.

"Be you the boss?" he asked of a pale-faced man, who was making diagrams with chalk and rule on a flimsy piece of snuff-colored cloth.

"I be," said Snip.

"Yes; wal, you've got a family, I 'xpect? You've got some children, hain't you? I see a thin boy a whittlin' out doors, that looked like [illegible]

[illegible]

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Bother.—A word in great use when a stupid visitor has called, or a dress has not come home, or the hair will not curl, or the pen will not write, or the shoe will not come on, or any other little domestic annoyance.

Fiddlestick.—A word strongly expressive of contempt. It crushes all reply. When a lady once says "Fiddlestick," he must be a bold man who ventures to say another word.

Fiddle-de-dee.—The same as "Fiddlestick," only a degree milder.

Ducky.—A term of endearment, applied indiscriminately when a favor is to be asked.

Indeed!—An ejaculation, "strongly recommended for family use." It implies doubt, a contemptuous denial, a gentle refusal, and saves an infinity of useless explanation. Much may be said with that word "indeed!" It all depends upon the way in which it is pronounced.

Delicious.—A word that, coming from a young lady's lips, conveys the highest possible amount of praise. It is applied equally to Mario's singing, Gunter's ices, Houbigant's gloves, Frank Stone's pictures, Ferrari's dancing, and means perfection in each instance.

Spoony.—A young man who cannot dance or talk, or talks no better than he dances, or vice versa. A young man who wears clogs and mittens, and sings sentimental songs with a lisp, and has turned-down collars, and a miniature which he always carries in his waistcoat-pocket, on the side nearest his heart, would take rank in household estimation as a "spooney."

[illegible]

Varieties.

WOMAN'S FAITH.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

The Last Mystery.

AN EVENING WITH THE KNOCKERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Not being entirely persuaded, as yet, of our own omniscience, we are unwilling to decline knowing any thing more; and we, therefore, accepted an invitation, lately, to pass an evening with the "Knockers." The inducement was somewhat strengthened by the possibility that spirits have preferences as to the society they are expected to meet—for the party was small, and would be considered select, we should suppose, in any world populated principally from this. We venture to name the gentlemen, as it is something, when spirits knock, (with or without bodies,) to know whom they are knocking for; and we shall not hear, till we are beyond "affidavits," whether there was any thing compromising in the uncertain portion of the company. Our host was Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, and, present, were Fenimore Cooper, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Bancroft, Gen. Lyman, Tuckerman, the Essayist, Dr. Francis, Doctor Marcy, Mr. Bigelow, of the Evening Post, Mr. Ripley, of the Tribune, and one or two others.

On our way in, we saw the "Knocking Party," of four ladies, looking for the house—into which, (it is perhaps essential to state,) they had never [illegible]

[illegible] communication with them. They now went into a parlor, under the room in which the party was held, accompanied by several gentlemen, and the sounds were then produced with great distinctness, causing sensible vibrations in the sofa, and apparently coming from a thick hearth-rug before the fire-place, as well as from other quarters of the room."

We could not but be struck with the disinclination which these spirits seem to have for any intercourse with editors. A modified assent by knockings, more or less strong, was given to every other proposal. When asked by Mrs. Fish, "would the spirits converse with Dr. Francis?" the knocking was so loud and immediate as to create a general laugh. The urbane Doctor was so evidently a favorite in the nether world, that it suggested a query in our own mind, whether politeness may not go farther even than we suppose. The knocking next loudest was the assent given to an interview with Dr. Hawks. To Mr. Cooper there was apparently no objection, though the assent was not very cordial; but he seemed to improve on acquaintance, for, to no one, were the spirits half so willing to repeat their revelations twice over, or half so explicit. To Mr. Tuckerman and Dr. Marcy, they were moderately gracious and communicative. The company, however, (probably with an eye to the improvement given to a description, by the "pars magna fui,") insisted on direct applications for interviews with the members of the Press. "Would the Spirits converse with Mr. Ripley of the Tribune?" No answer. "Would [illegible]

Selected Articles.

COLLEGE REFORM.

In December, 1849, a meeting of the corporation of the Brown University was held, when the consideration of some changes in the system of education, was referred to a Committee, of which Professor Wayland, President of the Institution, was appointed Chairman. At an adjourned meeting held in March last, the Report of the Committee was read, and it was subsequently ordered to be published. We have been favored with a copy in pamphlet form. It is a highly interesting document. The Committee directed their attention to the system of University Education in Great Britain—to the progress and present state of University Education in this country—to proposed reforms and changes, and to the subject of collegiate degrees. They state that a College in one of the English Universities is a foundation composed of a master, tutors, fellows, and students. The fellows are generally resident graduates, supported by the foundation. The master has the government of the whole society. The teaching is done by the tutors. The course of study embraced originally a term of four years, though now, we believe, that three years is the usual period of residence for an undergraduate. At Cambridge, almost the whole of this time is devoted to the study of the mathematics. At Oxford, it has been almost as exclusively devoted to the study of Greek and [illegible]

[illegible]

Singular Discovery of a Treasure.—On the grand route of Pouille, in the kingdom of Naples, there was a statue of marble bearing this inscription in the Neapolitan dialect: "The first day of May, at the rising of the sun, I shall have a golden head." The statue had already stood there two hundred years, and no one had yet discovered the meaning of the mysterious inscription. A stranger (a Saracen, says Castelnel in his memoirs) passing through the country, read the inscription and thought that he had divined its sense, but did not communicate to any one his suspicions. The first of May having already passed, he departed, but the succeeding year he arrived in the country on the last day of April. The next morning he resorted to the spot before sunrise, and having remarked the spot on which fell the shadow of the head of the statue, at the precise moment when the sun arose above the horizon, he dug up the earth there, and found immense treasures.

Agricultural.

VERNAL GRASS AND SWEET BUTTER.

[illegible]

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

[illegible]

MANURES.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

[illegible]

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Advertisements.

M'ALISTER'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT.

[illegible]

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]